Home Mission Echoes

"The country for which I lifted up mine hand to give it to your fathers."

Vol. III. APRIL, 1899. No. 4.

Easter

By A. D. T. Whitney

Do saints keep holy day in heavenly places?
Does the old joy shine new in angel faces?
Are hymns still sung the night when Christ was born,
And anthems on the Resurrection Morn?

Because our little year of earth is run,
Do they make record there beyond the sun,
And, in their homes of light so far away,
Mark with us the sweet coming of this day?

What is their Easter? For they have no graves:
No shadow there the holy sunrise craves,—
Deep in the heart of noontide marvellous
Whose breaking glory reaches down to us.

How did the Lord keep Easter? With His own!
Back to meet Mary where she grieved alone,
With face and mien all tenderly the same,
Unto the very sepulchre He came.

Ah, the dear message that He gave her then,
Said, for the sake of all bruised hearts of men,
"Go, tell those friends who have believed on Me,
I go before them into Galilee!

"Into the life so poor, and hard, and plain,
That for a while they must take up again,
My presence passes! Where their feet toil slow,
Mine, shining swift with love, still foremost go!

"Say, Mary, I will meet them by the way
To walk a little with them; where they stay,
To bring My peace. Watch! For ye do not know
The day, the hour, when I may find you so."

And I do think, as He came back to her,
The many mansions may be all astir
With tender steps that hasten in the way,
Seeking their own upon the Easter Day.

Parting the veil that hideth them about,
I think they do come, softly, wistful out
From homes of heaven that only seem so far,
And walk in gardens where the new tombs are!

510 Tremont Temple
Boston

"Topics of the Year."

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HOME MISSION ECHOES.

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds is the general editor, and Mrs. Jas. McWhinnie, assistant editor. Rev. H. L. Morehouse, D. D., has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt charge of the Department for "Our Young People."

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Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever." — *Tennyson.*

Vol. III. APRIL, 1899. No. 4.

The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society.

Editorial.

MAY we ask our circles, and the women of New England generally, to help carry the burden which is never lifted from the officers at the rooms, viz., our financial obligations? We are grateful for the noble women who show us often, by their letters and their words, that they feel the responsibility of carrying this God-given obligation. There are others who weary of the same work year after year. They want something new and fresh, and the amount of designated money which comes to the office for new objects outside of our legitimate work, and the falling off of contributions to our regular work, fill us with dismay.

We have faithful teachers all over North America and Mexico. We have been in these schools, and, in some degree, have seen the fruits of their labors. What shall we do with them? Shall we leave them and take up new fields? Our hearts ache for Cuba and Porto Rico, but we cannot conscientiously, this school year, give up our work at other points just as needy, and send money for this new work. As a nation we have more reason to dread the present situation in the South than at any time since the suppression of slavery. Not less education for the negro, but more. Not less sympathy for our dark-browed brethren, but more. Enlightened Christian principle is all that will keep the negroes from losing faith in God and their Northern white friends during these troublous times. Look at Mormanism growing bolder every year, controlling thousands of souls, and in the great battle, now waging, less than fifteen Baptist workers, either men or women, are helping hold up a pure religion before a lost community. Our teachers at Provo have no conveniences and few comforts in their home life, and they are breaking down in the unequal warfare.

Seldom have we seen such results as have followed the work of our faithful missionaries among the Chinese; men saved and longing for an education to go back to China and tell the glad news of redemption through Christ. Among these Chinese we need equipments, suitable rooms, books, etc. Among the Indians we need a hospital, more teachers, better buildings.

Mexico, with its 12,000,000, nearly all in darkness, with no hope and without God, less than twenty Baptist workers in the whole Republic, either men or women, and but two schools, with three native teachers. This condition of affairs, when the people are hungry for an education, and many have thrown off the Roman Catholic faith. Where is our boarding school for girls that is so much needed?

Other denominations are working in these white harvest fields, but they cannot do all. Again and again, during our recent trip, have men and women of other denominations begged us to send more workers from our great Baptist host. Not a school now under our care but has its pressing needs, and Cuba and Porto Rico are asking for teachers. These are precious possessions and needy, but we must fulfill our present obligations, before assuming new duties.

May the Lord open the hearts of His people, so that they will do what he has already given them to do, and be ready to help in the new work as it may open to us.

Annual Meeting.

THE twenty-first annual meeting of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society will be held in the Free Street Baptist Church, Portland, Maine, on Wednesday and Thursday, May 3d and 4th, 1899, beginning at 2 P. M. Wednesday. All who desire entertainment are requested to apply to Mrs. Frederick E. Moore, 77 Spruce Street, Portland, Me., before April 20th, giving their names and addresses, the time of their arrival, and the length of time for which they desire entertainment.

The Worker's Meeting will immediately precede the first session of the Annual Meeting, being held in the same church Wednesday morning, May 3d, at 10.00 A. M.

A caterer will be in attendance at the church each day, and at noon will serve a substantial lunch for twenty-five cents per plate.

The expense from Boston, for the round trip to Portland and return by rail, $5.00; by boat, without stateroom, $2.00.

GRACE COLEMAN LATHROP, *Clerk.*

JUAREZ, the great apostle of liberty in Mexico, said over thirty years ago, "The hope of our country lies in Protestantism."

Our United States Mission Field.

AMERICA, our native land, is the great mission field of the world.

Let us analyze the chief elements of the foreign population. The English and Scotch are in full sympathy with American institutions; the Irish, warm-hearted, impulsive, blindly loyal to Rome, are a problem in State and religious life; the Bohemians, countrymen to John Huss and Jerome of Prague — now largely Catholics — not easily reached, but once converted, faithful unto death; the Poles, clannish and bigoted, but yet accessible through their children; the Scandinavians, hardy and enterprising, true sons of Luther; the Italians, mostly of the peasant class, ignorant and vindictive, yet splendid material for Christian effort. We send missionaries to Italy, and yet in our own land there are 300,000 Italians scarcely touched by Protestant Christianity.

The Alaskans, an interesting, gentle, tractable, and capable race, but a short time our wards, and during that time pillaged and despoiled of their fur trade to benefit rich corporations; whole villages wiped out; schools that the Russians founded, discontinued; the very food supply of the nation snatched from them, as Dr. Sheldon Jackson avers. What a shameful record for America! The Mexicans in the States on our Southern border are also to be justly counted a foreign population. Then there are the Chinese, largely from the ignorant strata, in considerable numbers in San Francisco, in Chicago, and New York, in each of which cities there are joss houses, with idols and pagan worship. A converted Chinaman, a man of education and refinement, was showing a friend recently through the Chinese quarters in New York, and in the course of his conversation said: "Why do you not do more for my countrymen? Convert them, and send them back to China, and they would make the very best missionaries, for they not only speak the language, but they understand our people."

Outside of the Irish, Italians, and the Germans (of whom there are 3,000,000 and more), there are over 2,200,000 representatives of other foreign nations to which the Protestant churches of America send missionaries. Is it for naught that we have these people, not only at our doors, but in our midst? We pay the travelling expenses of missionaries, and rightly, to carry the gospel to the heathen lands. God bless our foreign missionaries, increase their activities, and add to their means; but when the heathen come to us, paying their own travelling expenses, why do they seem so unattractive? Are they less picturesque near by than seen through the prism of distance?

Another aspect of mission work among foreigners is to be considered, and that is that their presence places the character of our civilization at stake. We talk a great deal about the problems of our great cities, but our cities present problems because the foreign element largely centres there. The census bulletin says three-fourths of the foreign born are found in cities. Here they segregate, maintain their own customs, language, and religion. If left to themselves they will keep as intensely alien as though they had remained on their native shores. It will not do to meet this obvious fact by saying, "They can be Christians if they will, our churches are open to them." We must seek them out — they will not come to us. They are kept apart and hedged in by language, religion, and family ties.

It is the foreign element that is breaking down our Sabbath, giving us open theatres and open saloons on our holy day, until the hallowed sacredness of our Sabbath is in some places only a memory. Foreigners constitute the majority of saloon keepers, and are the material that make possible the political "boss." It has been well said: "For the vital ends of our civilization, and ultimately for the civilization of the entire world, it is comparatively more important that we secure the christianization of these heathen at home, than by any possibility it could be to secure the conversion of a like number abroad."

There is an additional argument that I have never heard used, yet often wondered that it could be overlooked. America supports and maintains foreign mission stations more largely than any other country. The Christian Church in our land, active, vigorous, and prosperous, furnishes one-third of the missionaries in foreign lands; that is, one-twelfth of the Christian population of the globe furnishes one-third the missionaries and means used in its evangelization. How can this proportion be maintained if the base of supplies, our churches at home, become impoverished and depleted? But are the churches in our large cities, where foreigners are massed, keeping pace in membership with the growth of the population? — *Mrs. Jane Bancroft.*

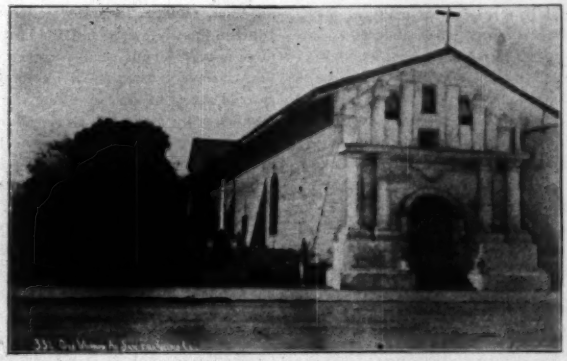
The Pilgrim Fathers of 1899.

HISTORY has repeated itself once more in the landing of the Russian Quaker pilgrims in Halifax harbor a few days since. Two thousand men, women, and children, of the sect of the Doukhobortsi, from the shores of the Black Sea, an advance guard of a colony of Russians ten thousand strong, which is to settle in the far Northwest, reached Canada's hospitable shores on the 19th of January, and have already been forwarded in six long train-loads to Winnipeg, Brandon, and Portage la Prairie.

Emigrants by the thousands land almost every day on American shores, but the significant thing about this emigration is that, like the Pilgrim Fathers, these Russians seek civil and religious liberty in the New World. They have been persecuted for years, because, interpreting literally the Sermon on the Mount, their principles will not allow them to comply with the regulations of the Russian government relating to conscription and warfare.

For nearly a month they have been buffeting the boisterous winter waves on their long journey from the Black Sea, and when the steamer entered the harbor of Halifax, the poor emigrants, gladdened by the sight of their promised land, fell on their knees on the deck, and men, women, and children joined in a hymn of thanksgiving, the burden of their chant being, as translated from the Russian, "God is with us; He has brought us through." Their journey across the Atlantic was one long prayer and praise meeting.

The Doukhobortsi have more in common with the Quakers, perhaps, than with any other denomination of Christians in this country. They believe in the inner light, in the double standard of George Fox, the Bible translated and illumined by the Spirit of God; but they have their own peculiarities. They are vegetarians, and their religious ideas have been necessarily affected by their surroundings and the persecutions which, for generations, they have endured. They are apparently not men of the intellectual vigor, or of the social and literary standing of many of the Pilgrims of 1620, nor have they the Pilgrims' grasp of the principles of free, representative government; but in their firm trust in God, in their willingness to sacrifice for the sake of personal liberty and religious freedom, in their purity of life and simplicity of character, they have very much in common with the Winslows and the Carvers and the Brewsters and the Aldens, of an earlier day. We congratulate our Canadian friends on this valuable accession to their population, and we rejoice that again the American continent has become the asylum of the oppressed and the liberty-loving, who, under her free skies, can worship God as their consciences dictate. A thousand welcomes to the pilgrim fathers and mothers of 1899! — *Selected.*



THE OLD MISSION, SAN FRANCISCO.

Roman Catholic Power.

WE have more than once called attention to the very serious conflict that is going on in the Catholic Church over the right of the Christian Brothers to teach anything but the lower vernacular studies, as they do in their mother country, France. This conflict is now coming to its climax. Here the Brothers control some of the very best Catholic colleges, and they teach Latin and anything else that other orders teach; but they were organized to give in France primary and secondary instruction only, and the Superior of the order in Paris has required them — perhaps at the instigation of other orders which do not like any rivalry — to give up all their Latin teaching. Already, as we have before reported, many of their best men have been called to Paris, and then ordered to distant lands.

Thus, Brother Maurice, of Washington, has been sent to an obscure school in India, where no Latin will be wanted; Brother Quintinian, who was the head of the American Brothers, has been sent to a town in Belgium; Brother Justin, of New York, to Toulouse, France; Brother Felix, head of a large college in St. Louis, to a small school in Manchester, England; Brother Paulian, who was at the head of the order in the Southwest, to Rheims, France; while Brother Ambrose was one of those who perished on the *Bourgogne* while obeying the summons to Paris. Brother Maurelian is a seventh leading member of the order who has just sailed for Paris in obedience to these orders which are imperative, to break up the system of higher education conducted by the Brothers.

The members here argue that the conditions in this country require them to give higher instruction or none at all, and they have carried their appeal to Rome, and Bishop Byrne, of Natchez, is there pleading their case, aided at present by Archbishop Ireland. Here is a case in which the American hierarchy is a unit, and a victory for the Brothers will be a victory for Americanism in the Catholic Church. — *The Independent.*

WE are disappointed in not being able to print a long letter from our Bible woman, Mrs. Rose Anna Hartsock. Owing to an epidemic of smallpox among the French of Waterville, Me., she was quarantined, and unable to visit the people. She is now in Brunswick, Me. We hope to hear from her next month.

Foreign-Born Population in Massachusetts.

THE following is the sum of the foreign-born population distributed according to place of birth for the cities of Massachusetts having 12,000 inhabitants or more, according to the United States census of 1890: Worcester, 26,703; Lowell, 34,601; Brockton, 6,274; Fall River, 37,734; Taunton, 7,353; Brookline, 4,341; Cambridge, 23,851; Chicopee, 6,126; Lynn, 13,965; Fitchburg, 7,043; Lawrence, 20,518; Gloucester, 8,883; Springfield, 10,915; Malden, 6,545; New Bedford, 14,420; Marlboro, 3,592; Somerville, 10,888; Newburyport, 2,618; Holyoke, 17,068; Newton, 7,214; Salem, 9,124; Chelsea, 7,934; Haverhill, 5,927; North Adams, 4,466; Northampton, 3,831; Pittsfield, 3,996; Quincy, 5,856; Waltham, 5,282; Woburn, 4,117. Total 421,372.

The countries from which these people came to these shores are Canada and Newfoundland, South America, Cuba, and the West Indies, Ireland, England, Scotland,

Wales, Germany, Austria, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Asia, China, Atlantic Isles, Australia, and Turkey. We need not mourn because we have no mission field. We can find it at our doors.

Bread-Winners.

AN American minister, who a few years ago investigated the condition of London, declared that New York has conditions which are worse than those of the English metropolis. A New York pastor stated in a recent sermon, that, aside from those engaged in domestic service, there are in that city 250,000 women who are bread-winners, and depend mainly on their own efforts. He says:

"There are trained sewing women in this city working nineteen hours a day for twenty-five cents. To work as prisoners for crime would be a respite for many of them. It is simply impossible for women to live without assistance on the low salaries they get. Some have homes and help from fathers or brothers, but many others are thrown wholly on their own resources. Often the blame for starvation wages rests entirely with buyers, merchants simply aiming to meet the demand. People demand cheap goods; cheap goods mean cheap labor. . . . God only knows how much cheap buying is responsible for fallen virtue. . . . Unless the Christian people rise up and do something to right the wrongs of the oppressed women and children of this city, they will be forced to the path of shame and suicide."—*An Exchange.*

Both Sides of the Question.

A YOUNG colored student was listening to a preacher of his own race. He heard him say: "Breddern, is you elected? If you's elected, you can lie, you can steal, you can commit adultery, you can do anything, if you's only elected." The young man's conscience rising in revolt drove him to study for the ministry that he might carry a pure gospel to his people.

A colored pastor at the South told the writer of an argument he had held with another such preacher, who maintained from Romans 7:25 that if a man with his mind served the law of God, he was excusable if with his flesh he served the law of sin. These antinomian preachers,—and they are many,—exert a widely debasing influence. Utterly immoral and pandering to the vices of the people, they promote a religionism consisting in wild, hysterical excitement, to which the negro temperament is susceptible, and successfully disparage with the ignorant multitudes the ethical preaching and rational methods of the genuine pastor, against whom, as an educated man, they find it easy to excite class prejudice of the most contemptible kind. Such a man preaching Christian morality has been interrupted by women jumping up and shouting, "You shut up on dat!" A distinguished Southern educator, who has succeeded by persevering effort in forming a White Cross League among his negro students, has told the writer of their doubts whether the moral standard of the League could be maintained against public sentiment among their own people, and even whether they themselves could abide faithful to it against opposing solicitations.

Such facts show how broad the downward way, how wide open the gate to it, and, alas! the one restraining force itself perverted into an impelling force, in pernicious conjunction with the evil tendency inherited from the period of slavery, and fostered by the one-room cabin, where decency and virtue are stifled together.

But if it is a downward way for the negro, is it any less so for the white? Many facts, gross and unreportable, related to the writer by a friend for some years recently resident in a Southern State, show that both races are more deeply involved than many suppose. The same logic which has led Southern people to declare against ballot-stuffing and negro lynching, as being, in the most indulgent view, suicidal to the real interest of the ruling race, must ere long conclude that the same interest, even if no other, requires some protective barrier to be erected between the white man and the negro woman. At present there is even less of such a barrier than there was in the time of slavery, when masters certainly did not permit unrestricted access to their own laborers. There is no gainsaying the reply made by a colored man to the writer, who had freely expressed regret at the frailty of many women of his race: "Our women are not protected."

The Southern white woman is protected by a much more rigorous public sentiment than exists elsewhere among English-speaking people throughout the world. An aggression upon her honor is resented with swift and unsparing retribution. The homicide who can plead such provocation is more likely to receive applause than punishment. But what if the homicide be a colored man avenging his sister's wrong? That alters the case. Fortunate, indeed, if he could get away alive. If she is insulted by a white rascal, he must beware of resenting it by menace or blow, else he will learn to his cost that "niggers must not put on airs." For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.—*Homiletic Review.*

Negro Disfranchisement.

NORTH CAROLINA, if its Legislature reflects public sentiment, will follow the example of South Carolina, Mississippi, and Louisiana by the adoption of a constitutional amendment disfranchising the bulk of its negro voters.

The measure proposed is substantially that adopted in Louisiana, establishing educational and property qualifications, but stipulating that they shall not apply to families which enjoyed the suffrage prior to the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment. In a Senate of fifty members, only six voted against it, and in a lower House of one hundred and twenty members, only twenty-seven voted against it. In the House at least, the vote did not follow strictly party lines, as six Democrats voted against the measure, while three Populists and one Republican voted in its favor. In Louisiana the Constitutional Convention, which drafted this provision for the disfranchisement of the blacks, had the power to put it into effect without consulting the voters. In North Carolina, however, the voters must pass upon the amendment. If the white voters were a unit, the amend-

ment would be adopted by a majority of more than two to one—for the white voters at the last census numbered 233,000 and the blacks only 109,000. But this very preponderance of whites in North Carolina has not only lessened the fear of "negro domination," but has caused many of the white voters to believe that even-handed justice to men of both races is a safer remedy for admitted evils than the repression of the blacks. The white population in the mountain districts is largely Republican in politics, and if it votes solidly against the proposed disfranchisement of negroes, the amendment will be defeated. Even if it is adopted, the Republican party in North Carolina has sufficient means to bring the matter before the United States Courts, and test the question whether the proposed disfranchisement of families, which received the suffrage by the Fifteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution, does not conflict with its provision that the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be abridged by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. *The Outlook* is in sympathy with honest attempts to exclude vice and ignorance from the polls; but the law must not exclude vicious and ignorant blacks, and admit vicious and ignorant whites.—*The Outlook.*

*MORMON FAMILY.

Articles of Mormon Faith.

WE frequently hear it said that the Articles of Faith of the Mormon Church do not vary in any essential particular from similar Articles of Faith adopted by evangelical churches. While in Salt Lake City we had opportunity to learn something of the real beliefs of the adherents of the Mormon faith. We shall explain in the ECHOES the real meaning which the church attaches to these Articles of Faith.

I. We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.

God himself was once as we are now, and is an exalted man.—*Joseph Smith.*

He (Adam) is our Father and our God, and the only God with whom we have to do.—*Brigham Young, Journal of Discourses, p. 50.*

The head God called together the gods, and sat in grand council to bring forth the world.—*Joseph Smith, Journal of Discourses, VI. 5.*

When our Father, Adam, came into the Garden of Eden, he came into it with a celestial body, and brought Eve, *one of his wives*, with him.—*Brigham Young, Journal of Discourses, I. 50.*

Each God, through his wife or wives, raises up a numerous family of sons and daughters; for each father and mother will be in a condition to multiply forever and ever.—*The Seer, I. 37.*

"Jesus Christ and the Father are two persons . . . possessing every organ, limb, and material part that man possesses."

(Speaking of electricity, etc.) The purest, most refined, and subtle of these substances, is that substance called the Holy Spirit.—*P. P. Pratt, Key to Theology, 42–46.*

There is no other God in heaven but that God who has flesh and bones.—*Joseph Smith, Compendium, 287.*

These Gods are therefore subject to the necessary laws which govern all matter.—*Key to Theology, pp. 44–46.*

Will the reader compare these utterances of the leaders of the Mormon Church with the following Scripture quotations, and see how far this Article of Faith, as held by the Latter Day Saints, agrees with the Bible? Gen. 1:1; John 4:24; Deut. 6:4; Mark 12:29–32; 1 Cor. 8:4; Is. 40 Chapter.

THERE is nothing so costly in missionary work as success. The more vigorously a work is prosecuted, and the more successful it is, the more expensive it becomes. A work that is dead or dying makes few calls for funds. It is the successful work that costs.

PASSING out of the shadows
Into purer light,
Stepping behind the curtain,
Getting a clearer sight,
Laying aside a burden,
This weary mortal coil,
Done with the world's vexation,
Done with its tears and toil.

Tired of all earth's playthings,
Heartsick and ready to sleep,
Ready to bid our friends farewell,
Wondering why they weep,
Passing out of the shadow
Into eternal day,
Why do we call this dying,
This sweet going away?

*One more wife and nine children besides these four wives and seven children. Wife on the right, mother of wife on the left by a former marriage.

American Baptist Home Mission Society.

Notes.

CONTRIBUTIONS from New England, for work in Porto Rico and eastern Cuba, should be sent to Rev. F. T. Hazlewood, D. D., Tremont Temple, Boston.

WHAT a noble deed it would be, if some one whom God has blessed in temporal matters would honor Him by a generous gift for the erection of the first Baptist house of worship in Porto Rico, or in Santiago in eastern Cuba.

MISS IDA HAYES, for several years missionary at Saltillo, Mexico, has been appointed by the American Baptist Home Mission Society as an assistant to Rev. H. P. McCormick, in Porto Rico. She left New York on March 11th, by steamer *Caracas*, for Ponce. She is a native of Minnesota, a graduate of the State University of Missouri, an experienced teacher, and is ready for any kind of missionary work that may seem most important to be done.

REV. JAS. T. MCGOVERN, who has been associated with Rev. W. H. Sloan, in the City of Mexico for about six months, has been transferred to Santiago, Cuba, where he arrived about the first of March.

AT the Tuskegee Normal Industrial Institute provision has already been made for the training of a number of students from Cuba and Porto Rico in academic, industrial, and religious branches. Already a number of students are at Tuskegee, and more will be admitted as soon as funds are secured for their expenses.

THE world has need of knowledge, but a larger need of insight. It needs information less than inspiration and impulse. I sometimes think that people are destroyed by excess of knowledge, and long to have them forget a little, that truth may strike them with some degree of freshness. I believe that there is no greater fallacy than the common opinion that the mere learning of facts is a panacea for the world's ills. What the world needs is what Christ came to teach — the nearness of God to common life, the sacredness of what we call the secular, the reality of the spiritual world, present and future, and a conception of the glory of working together with God which shall make life dignified, earnest, and fruitful.— *From Dr. Barton's last sermon to his Shawmut Church congregation, in Boston, Sunday evening, Feb. 26th.*

Foreign Missions in New England.

The French in New Bedford.

I AM satisfied that God has been with us during the quarter, and I believe that he has looked upon our work with approval. We were tried. Sickness entered our home, and several of our family were ill, including myself, with an attack of la grippe. But it is all over now, and we are enjoying good health as usual, thanks to our Heavenly Father for His care over us during our sickness.

May I say that our work has been and is a source of blessing to us? Many new homes have been visited, especially among Catholics, where we have given copies of the New Testament. This is a good part of our work. It is surprising to notice the change which is manifested among our people; the fact that French Protestant clergymen can enter Catholic homes, and speak in an intelligent manner upon religion, is a matter to be thankful for; of course, it is to be expected, but surely God is bringing to bear upon our people the great truth of the gospel of the Son of God. One man, with whom we have labored nearly two years, told me last Sunday that he was done with Rome, and that he wanted to follow Christ. Others are convinced of the truth which we speak in love. Many come and go from us to other parts of New England; thus our mission is a mighty factor in God's hand to give to those who come to us the Bread of Life. We will never see them again, but we are satisfied that we are doing our duty towards them.

We have not added to our membership during the quarter, but the interest is not less. Good meetings are held and are uplifting. Our mission has bought some singing books at a cost of $16.20; this is a very good addition to our work. Our Sunday school pays its own expenses, which amount to about $3.00 per quarter.

I only wish you could have been to our Christmas tree *fête*, you would have enjoyed it greatly. Our chapel was practically full; we had seventy-four French and thirty-six English people. The concert part was a feature which took the English people by surprise. It was properly carried out, and it was an honor to the Home Mission Society to have this phase of its work represented so well. Our children proved not to be inferior to other children, but equal, and in some respects superior, because they can speak two languages. ISAAC LAFLEUR, *Missionary.*

Italian Baptists in Providence, R. I.

PERSECUTIONS are almost stopped, and the Spirit of God has graciously sustained us, and in our bitter trial He has been with us, and has made us glad, according to His promised mercies.

He has tenderly tried us to draw us nearer to Him: "That the trial of our faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."

Now we are acquiring much confidence among all the Italian people, and we are approaching also our enemies. The Sunday school has rapidly increased in number, with an attendance of twenty-seven children. They are intelligent and have bright minds, and within a few weeks they have committed to memory the Lord's Prayer, also the twenty-third Psalm, and are able to sing several hymns in Italian and in English, and they pay much attention to our teaching. On the second Sunday in January, we began to make a collection among the Sunday school children; though they are very poor, yet the average amount is thirty cents per Sunday.

On Sunday evening, December 18th, three other Italians gave their hearts to Jesus, and were baptized by our dear pastor, Dr. King, in the First Baptist Church. We praised God with great joy for those three souls come to increase the numberless army of Christ. They are enduring affliction by their own relatives, but they are happy to suffer many things for their Master's sake, knowing "to continue in faith, that we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God."

On Saturday, January 28th, we began the industrial school for women and girls, and our Italian mission room was filled with a large attendance. Miss King, Miss Maria Weeden, Mrs. George Weeden, and two other ladies of the First Baptist Church lead the sewing school. I began with a prayer and two hymns were sung, and, after working, I preached ten minutes. May the Lord God bless our labor, and give us larger success. A young Italian man, twenty-three years old, attends our meetings regularly; he is an educated man, who for ten years studied to enter the Roman priesthood, but when he understood the falsehood of Roman religion, he left the seminary and went home. His parents rebuked him and compelled him to become a priest; but he, to become freed of the burden of the Roman false religion, fled to this country, and, on the second week of December last, began to attend our religious service, and he has never missed since. Now he is a candidate for baptism, and we can count one more victory. "Praise the Lord because he is good, because his mercy endureth forever."

VINCENZO DI DOMENICA, *Missionary.*

Providence, R. I., Feb. 1, 1899.

IF we would please God, we must watch every stroke and touch upon the canvas of our lives; we may not think we can lay it on with a trowel and yet succeed. We ought to live as miniature painters work, for they watch every line and tint.—*Spurgeon.*

Converted Swedish Sailors.

AS Jesus called some of His disciples from their vocation as fishermen, so has he in recent times called sailors to follow Him, and, as of old, to take a foremost place in the activities of His kingdom.

Capt. Gustavus W. Schroeder, himself converted while on shipboard in 1844, and one of the first Swedish Baptists in America, in his recent "History of the Swedish Baptists" has this interesting paragraph:

"It is a remarkable and unique circumstance that the first known Swedish Baptist and ordained minister of that denomination in America should have been a sailor; that the first Baptist minister in Sweden, Rev. F. O. Nelson, should have been a sailor; that the one whom God in His providence made instrumental of making known the principles of the Baptists to the Swedes should have been a sailor; that the first Swedish Professor and Doctor of Divinity in the United States, Rev. J. A. Edgren, should have been a sailor; that the first president and professor of the Baptist Seminary at Stockholm, Colonel Broady, should have been a sailor (he belonged to the marine of the Swedish navy as a subaltern officer, called cannonier, before he came to America); and last, that the first one baptized in Sweden in 1848, Rev. S. C. Nelson, brother of F. O. Nelson, should have been a sailor.

"And it is very remarkable also, that a sailor, Captain Tubbs, of Philadelphia, was the appointed means in God's hands of calling Brother Oncken's attention to the subject of baptism, while sojourning at his home in Hamburg during the winter of 1830–31, which intercourse between them subsequently resulted in the baptism of Brother Oncken and six more believers, by Rev. Dr. Barnas Sears, in the river Elbe on the night (for fear of the Lutherans) of April 22, 1834."

From Ship-board to Seminary.

YEARS ago a vigorous Swedish lad at the age of fourteen entered upon a seafaring career. He studied to be a first-class seaman in the navy, and for thirteen years pursued his chosen calling. Careful study of the Bible on ship-board led to his conversion and his acceptance of Baptist views. Coming to America he was baptized in the Mariner's Baptist Church of New York City. He then entered upon an advanced course of study, graduating with high honor. Entering the service of the United States during the Civil War, he had charge of a gun boat at the siege of Charleston, where he received a sunstroke, from which he never fully recovered.

After the war, this brother, Rev. J. A. Edgren, D.D., became the head of the Swedish department of the Baptist Theological Seminary at Chicago, where he rendered most valuable service for sixteen years.

With health somewhat impaired, he has resided in California during the last few years, and is now pastor of the prosperous Swedish Baptist Church of Oakland, California. He has published in the Swedish language a book on Systematic Theology; his Commentary on Matthew has been issued by the American Baptist Publication Society, and another on Mark is in course of preparation.

The Portuguese Mission.—Good News.

WE have been having very good times for the last two or three months in connection with our mission work here at New Bedford. We have had meetings four nights in the week for all this time, besides the Sunday services, and the work has been graciously revived, and several young men have professed conversion. Six of these young men are coming before the church to-night to relate their Christian experiences, and be baptized next Sunday, February 5th.

We had thanksgiving services all day on Thanksgiving Day; had preaching and testimony meeting on Christmas evening, and a watch-meeting on the last eve of the year. These services were extra well attended, reaching the number of seventy-five. The work still goes on.

F. C. B. SILVA.

Cuba.

By H. L. Morehouse, D.D. Field Secretary.

The White Cubans.

THE native-born white Cubans, or Creoles, trace their origin to Spanish stock from various sources. Some are descendants of the early comers more than 300 years ago; others, of subsequent colonists, planters, heads of commercial establishments, and those connected with the civil and military administration. The race war in Santo Domingo, about the end of the last century, resulted in the exodus of about 30,000 whites, mostly Spanish, to eastern Cuba. Several thousand Spaniards also went to Cuba from Louisiana after its cession to the United States in 1803. In the first quarter of this century also, the revolts against Spanish rule in Buenos Ayres and Peru led to a large Spanish migration to Cuba.

In course of time, with growing interests and attachments, their descendants came to love Cuba as their native land. Spain ignored the native Cuban, putting Spaniards in control. This, together with her extortionate taxation and tyrannical rule, created a widening chasm between Cuban and Spaniard, until the hatred of the former toward the latter became most intense, finding frequent expression in revolt against Spanish domination. In 1873, an Italian patriot, after having visited Cuba wrote: "No hatred in the world can be compared to that of the Cuban for Spain and everything Spanish."

Just as the American type is distinctly different from the European of the past and of the present from which it was derived, so the Cuban, while possessing many ancestral characteristics, is decidedly different from the Spaniard. His intercourse and contact with Americans and their institutions, and the education of many young Cubans in the United States, have contributed in effecting this change. The better classes are intelligent and refined; are industrious, owning about 100,000 farms, ranches, and plantations; are peaceably disposed, hospitable, and of strong domestic attachments. About seventy-five per cent. of the white Cuban population is outside the city of Havana, which, as the centre of Spanish authority, was abhorrent to the nobler natives. They are most numerous in the provinces of Pinar del Rio in the west, and in the eastern provinces of Santa Clara, Puerto Principe, and Santiago.

BREAD-FRUIT TREE, CUBA.

Nominally they also are Roman Catholics; but, in the words of a recent writer, while "the women are pious from habit, the men make no pretense to piety." No Cuban-born priests are found in any church of importance on the island, and this policy of Rome has worked to the estrangement of the people. It is stated that there are only thirty-two Cuban priests all told, while the Spanish priests are counted by thousands.

Spaniards in Cuba.

The European Spaniard in Cuba is a vanishing quantity. His naval power vanished with the annihilation of Cervera's fleet at Santiago; his civil and military power vanished as Time turned over a new leaf for the island on New Year's Day, 1899. Government officials and army officers, with their enormous stealings, folded their tents and silently stole away to their native land. More will go. The Spanish priesthood are preparing to go, for Cubans have little use for them. Even the reputed dust of Columbus is gone. But beneath the sod rests the dust of about 300,000 Spanish soldiers, sent thither in the vain attempt to subjugate the people, themselves subjugated less by war than by deadly disease. Cuba has been a charnel house for the Spanish armies.

By the decree of 1825, the captains-general of Cuba were clothed with despotic authority to arrest, banish, or execute offenders, and were subsequently empowered to set aside decisions of the highest courts. Natives suspected

of disloyalty were horribly tortured; thousands were banished and executed; by starvation, the torch, and butchery vast regions were made desolate; crimes most revolting were committed, while, in high civil and military places, the Spanish vampire, through exorbitant taxation and peculation, serenely sucked the life blood from the impoverished province. The horrors of the ten years' war, from 1868 to 1878, as well as of the recent war, can hardly be overstated. Even Spanish Roman Catholicism sat a silent spectator, dreading its own doom in the island should the Cuban cause succeed.

At last the long chapter of bloody violence and the shadow of death is ended, and the cruel Spaniard, by the mailed hand of the Anglo-Saxon in the interests of humanity, is forced from his last foothold in the New World forever. And so, this American people, having cast out the demon of oppression and intolerance, are under solemn obligations to cleanse and put the house in order for the rescued, debilitated inhabitants of a desolated land. Rehabilitation, industrially, commercially, politically, religiously, is demanded, and this, by the help of God, the American people will coöperate with the Cubans in accomplishing, in the spirit of the good Samaritan, even at much cost.

Eastern Cuba.

The eastern provinces of Puerto Principe and Santiago de Cuba are the mission field of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, while the western portion of the island is taken by Southern Baptists. This region has an area of 23,000 square miles, slightly more than one-half of the island. It is about half the size of Pennsylvania, and equal to that of Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut.

The rich physical resources of eastern Cuba indicate a bright future for it. Mountainous slopes, rich valleys, extended plains, afford chance for more diversified agricultural operations than in any other equal area on the island. East of Santiago are the famous mines of hematite iron ore; west of Santiago are rich deposits of manganese; north, are the old copper mines worked from 1524 to 1867; while the hills abound in limestone for plaster and cement. Before the war, over eight millions of American capital had gone into the development of iron mines and other enterprises, — the great docks at Baraqui costing $200,000, At Nuevitas and Nipe on the northeast, at Manzanillo, Santiago, and Guantanamo on the south, are spacious harbors awaiting the fleets of the future, when the natural resources of eastern Cuba shall be developed, and a million people shall there abide. This is the undeveloped country and people that we are summoned now to win for Christ.

Its Population.

According to the census of 1887, it contained a population of 339,168, or about one-fifth that of the entire island. Of these, 67,789 were in the Province of Puerto Principe and 272,379 in that of Santiago de Cuba. In Puerto Principe, 54,232 were white and 13,557 colored; in Santiago de Cuba, 157,980 white and 114,399 colored.

The population of the chief cities, as calculated in 1892, was as follows: Puerto Principe, 46,640; Santiago, 71,300; Holguin, 34,760; Manzanillo, 23,200; Guantanamo, 7[illegible]00; Baracoa, 10,000. Thus it appears that about half the population of eastern Cuba is found in these six cities.

A Liberty-Loving People.

In no other part of the island has the spirit of liberty been so demonstrative and irrepressible as in eastern Cuba, where, as in Switzerland, the hills and mountains have been its home.

The conspiracy of the "Black Eagle," in 1829, to throw off the odious Spanish yoke, had extensive ramifications here. Other revolutionary movements originated and derived their strength from this quarter. The great republican uprising of 1868 took place at Bayamo, where the people, like those of Moscow, burned the city rather than have it become the enemy's possession. For ten long years the struggle that almost eventuated in Cuba's independence went on. Here, at Guiamaro, about twenty leagues east of Puerto Principe, General Cespedes and his congress of "The Republic of Cuba" issued their proclamation, in 1869, granting, among other things, religious liberty to all. In 1871 Santiago was the scene of the execution, by the Spanish, of the patriot Generals Quesada and Figuerdo. Though the Spanish forces were commanded by "the butcher of Cadiz," the Cubans were well-nigh unconquerable. That ten years' war cost Spain the life of 8,000 officers, 200,000 privates, and $300,000,000. In eastern Cuba, at Baracoa, Antonio Maceo, in February, 1895, began the revolution which, with the potent aid of the United States, in 1898, rid the island of Spanish rule. And Maximo Gomez, though a native of San Domingo, dwelt in Puerto Principe, an inspiration to the revolutionists, and a terror to the Spanish troops. It seemed to be poetic justice at last, when the spirit of liberty looking down from the lofty crags near Santiago, beheld the annihilation of Cervera's fleet, and the capitulation of Toral's army, where for twenty-seven years the blood of martyred patriot generals had cried to heaven for retribution.

A land like that, surely, is a hopeful field for the Christian missionary; for, in the stress and struggle of long and heroic endeavor, there have been developed qualities of character which only need the sanctifying touch of the Divine Spirit to become powers for good in the kingdom of God.

Romanism in Cuba.

In Cuba, as in Porto Rico, Romanism has been absolute mistress for four hundred years. Under the church and State system, she got the power and the pelf of the latter for her protection and prosperity, while the State could count on the influence of ecclesiastics to maintain its tyrannical rule. Religious toleration, with certain restrictions, was granted only a few years ago. Under the new order of things, religious liberty and the separation of church and State are decreed, and the suddenness of the occurrence has staggered and stupefied the hierarchy. Whence now will come their support? The people at large, as we have seen, care but little for them, often positively hate them. The Romish fabric totters as if shaken by an earthquake.

A low type of Romanism is found there, as in other lands where it has held undisputed sway, and has not been quick-

ened and put on its good behavior by contact with Evangelical Protestantism. The people have little respect for the priests, many of whom are notoriously bad, and whose chief interest in their flocks has been apparently to get their fleece by excessive charges for baptism, marriage, and burial. Romanism has no hold on the intelligence, the conscience or the hearts of the people at large, whose religion is not life, but a custom. So far as knowledge of Scriptural truth is concerned, or even of the existence of the Scriptures, the masses are almost in pagan darkness. Among them are many simple-minded, honest-hearted souls, as we have already found, sick of the shams of Rome, seeking true rest and peace. They are not so intensely bigoted as the Mexicans or the French-Canadians. During their long struggle for liberty, the spirit of independence has taken possession of them, and they feel free to hear and read as they choose, without fear of priestly fulminations. Their general mental and spiritual attitude and disposition furnish such an opportunity for evangelical effort as has been rarely, if ever, presented in any other Roman Catholic country. The hour is at hand to thrust in the sickle for a great harvest.

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CALLE DE PUERTO, SANTIAGO.

Baptist Missions in Cuba.

The signal blessing of God appears to have attended the missionary work of Baptists in Cuba. Quite remarkable is the story of Diaz and his work in Havana and vicinity. From its beginnings in 1883, the work expanded, until, at the outbreak of the war in 1895, the church in Havana reported over 1,000 members, while churches and Sunday schools had been organized in other places. The Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, under whose auspices the work was conducted, has resumed operations there and at other points in western Cuba. At Santiago, where the American flag was unfurled July 17, 1898, a Baptist church of about 100 members has already been gathered, chiefly through the labors of Rev. O'Halloran, one of the early converts in Havana, and a missionary of the Southern Board, which now transfers him to another field. There is also a church of about forty members at Guantanamo. The labors of army chaplains, some of whom were Baptists, have been helpful in the evangelization of the people.

The American Baptist Home Mission Society in January, 1899, appointed its first missionary to eastern Cuba, Rev. H. R. Moseley, D. D., of South Carolina, formerly a missionary in Mexico, who went for a few months only to investigate and report concerning the field. Meantime, in February, the Society transferred Rev. James T. McGovern, assistant of Mr. Sloan, in the City of Mexico, to Santiago, where he arrived early in March. These are the beginnings: what shall the harvest be?

Dr. Moseley says: "I think this is the most promising mission field in the world. The longer I stay the brighter it looks. *Now* is the time to work here while Rome is stupefied by the severe blow she has received." Baptism is administered at the foot of the bloody and historic San Juan Hill where the fight of July 1, 1898, occurred. So quickly the gospel of peace has its victories where martial glory was won! "Cuba Libre!"

For the five most important centres, five good men are needed at once. Lots must be secured and meeting houses built. Fifteen thousand dollars for these purposes could be wisely used. Will American Baptists be equal to the occasion by liberal gifts for the conquest of Cuba for Christ?

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MORRO CASTLE, SANTIAGO.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

CONDUCTED BY
ANNA SARGENT HUNT.

Our Girls.

A Girl's Song.

AT the time of a terrible accident at the coal mines near Scranton, Penn., several men were buried for three days, and all efforts to rescue them proved unsuccessful. A spectator wrote: "The majority of the miners were Germans. They were in a state of intense excitement, caused by sympathy for the wives and children of the buried men, and despair of their own balked efforts.

"A great mob of ignorant men and women assembled at the mouth of the mine on the evening of the third day, in a condition of high, nervous tension which fitted them for any mad act. A sullen murmur arose that it was folly to dig further, that the men were dead; and this was followed by cries of rage at the rich mine owners, who were in no way responsible for the accident.

"A hasty word or gesture might have produced an outbreak of fury. Standing near me was a little German girl, perhaps eleven years old. Her pale face and frightened glances from side to side showed that she fully understood the danger of the moment. Suddenly, with a great effort, she began to sing in a hoarse whisper which could not be heard. Then she gained courage, and her sweet, childish voice rang out in Luther's grand hymn, familiar to every German from his cradle:

'Ein feste burg ist unser Gott,'
[A mighty fortress is our God.]

"There was silence like death. Then one voice joined the girl's, and presently another, and another, until from the whole great multitude rose the solemn cry:

'With our own might is nothing done,
Right soon we are defeated·
But for us fights the rightful Man,
By God himself selected.
Askest thou who he is? His name is Jesus Christ,
The mighty Lord of hosts — there is no other God;
He holds the field victorious.'

"A great quiet seemed to fall upon their hearts. They resumed their work with fresh zeal, and before morning the joyful cry came up from the pit that the men were found — alive.

"Never was a word more in season than that child's hymn."

A Home Missionary Incident.

A True Story.

THE northern part of Minnesota has been until within a few years almost an unknown country. Settlers have been pouring in, and it is now called the New Minnesota. In the spring of 1897, a district missionary of a leading denomination, started preaching services among the homesteaders in a certain section of this new country. Among the interested ones was a little girl of eleven years. Her family was so poor that toys, ribbons, dolls, and candy were almost unknown to her. The best shoes she had, or could get, were broken entirely across the soles. But shoes she must have to attend the services, so, with an old fork for an awl, and a store string for thread, she patiently sewed the broken parts together. Later a church was organized, and she became one of the most faithful members.

During the past summer of 1898 she earned fifty cents, — twenty-five by doing a big washing for a neighbor, and the remainder by picking berries and carrying them four miles to sell. One day she asked of the missionary the privilege of riding into town with him. On the way she took out the hard-earned money, and timidly offered it to the preacher, saying, "It is for you." He, having been previously told how she had earned the money, declined to take it. At his refusal, tears ran down her cheeks, and, sobbing, she said, "I want you to come and preach for us another year. You can't come for nothing, and things to help pay you." For the peace of the child he took the money, and his heart was full as he realized the self-sacrificing spirit of this little one, who, "of her want," had given "all" that her neighborhood might hear the gospel.

Who can say missionary work does not pay? Who can declare that the spirit of self-denial and sacrifice no longer exists? May this incident stir our hearts, to give as the Lord would have us, that good may be done all about us, and that his name may be carried to the "regions beyond."
—*Sunday School Times.*

My Dear Girls: — From month to month our paper brings to your notice the many sections of our mission field. It is not possible for many of you to give large sums of money to carry on the work, and this should not discourage you. Give what you can, pray much for our teachers and pupils, and remember always that "the small stones which fill up the crevices have almost as much to do with making the fair and firm wall as the great rocks."

Our Little Folks.

Courtesy of School Physiology Journal.

THERE are stars in the meadow dropped here and there;
There's a breath of arbutus in the air;—
April is here!

Springtime.

SPRING is coming up the valleys, now the grasses hear her tread,
And the little sleeping rootlets nod each hidden, drowsy head.

Mother Nature's looms are weaving dresses fine of every hue;
For the daffodils the yellow, for the wind-flowers soft, pale blue.

All the pansy scouts are watching for the enemy's retreat;
With the sun and wind against him, how can Winter help defeat?

—*Exchange.*

What Nita Gave.

LIZZIE looked back at the little home she had left. It was cozy, and even pretty, but so different from the handsome one she had until recently, as to seem very poor in comparison. Still, when Lizzie had first learned that the beautiful home must be given up, she had been brave about it. She had meant to comfort her father, and to do some of the wonderful things generally accomplished by story-book heroines when overtaken by reverses of fortune. But when their family were fairly established in the small house, the daily round grew monotonous. Lizzie was only a girl of fifteen, and could not teach or paint marvellous pictures or entrance audiences with her wonderful voice, and so secure a convenient fortune in a few weeks. She could only be useful in commonplace household duties. "But I wouldn't mind that," she said to herself, "if I only could do something worth doing. I'd like to help, really help, and these little things that have to be done over every day don't seem of any use."

A snatch of song came to her ears, a little brown hand parted the bushes that fringed the river bank, and a bright, dark-faced little maiden appeared with a stalk of beautiful white blossoms on her shoulder. Lizzie knew by face and dress that this was one of the children of the little foreign settlement half a mile down the river. A moment later she recognized her as one who had once or twice come to the house with berries to sell. "Why, Nita, are you out after flowers?"

"It is the grandmother's birthday," said Nita, showing her white teeth as she smiled. "I must to her carry something."

"Are you going to give her only blossoms?" asked Lizzie, with thoughts running in the direction of her own great desires. "I should think she would need a great many things beside."

"Need!" Nita's tone was expressive of the extent of her grandmother's needs, and for a moment her bright face clouded. "But such things I cannot do. The blossoms I can take, then, maybe the good God give me more some time. The grandmother like flowers. Shall she have not those because she have not other things?"

"Sensible Nita!" murmured Lizzie, as the little girl passed on. "I, too, will do what I can, and trust God to give me greater things to do by and by. It's strange I had forgotten about those who are faithful in that which is least being faithful also in much."

In return for the real help Nita gave Lizzie, would you be surprised to learn that, thinking about her, Lizzie determined to start a little Sunday school among the children of the foreign settlement, and was greatly blessed in her efforts? She ceased to feel gloomy herself, and she helped to make many another happy.—*Selected.*

Some of Our Foreign Neighbors.

Dear Little Folks:—We have learned a great deal about the little colored children, and the Mexicans, Chinese, and Alaskans. This month we study about those who come to us from other countries.

We have told you how we have seen the little ones, and their parents of many nationalities, come on the great steamers to New York, and now we will give you a description of some who have come to Baltimore, Maryland.

We find the story in the March number of *Kind Words*, the paper of the Baptist children in the South:

"You all know that a large part of the Germans who come to make this country their home come first to Baltimore. Such forlorn-looking people some of them are, too, and their poor little children are so tired and miserable after the long trip of two weeks across the Atlantic!

You can imagine how home-sick they are. Have any of you had an attack of this distressing trouble? Then you will know how they feel, landing here in a strange country, no friendly eyes or hands to welcome them, and the language unknown. Under all these circumstances they cannot fail to be unhappy at first.

The Southern Baptist Convention concluded it was time

something was done to give these people a welcome. So they have secured a very nice lady, who is a German, to be their missionary, and now no matter what hour of the day one of these huge ocean steamers comes in, there on the wharf is dear Miss Marie Buhlmaier waiting to receive them with a heart brimful of welcome to her countrymen, and her hands ready to help them in many ways. Sometimes she helps a poor, weary mother with her fretful baby by giving her milk — for Miss Buhlmaier tries to have condensed milk always on hand. There is one article with which she is kept well supplied, and that article is the Bible. Not all of these emigrants are Germans. There are other nationalities to welcome, so some of the Bibles are in the Polish and Bohemian tongues, though most of them are in German. So when Miss Buhlmaier is giving cheering words and help to poor, tired bodies, she also tries to get the people to feel their need of our best friend, Jesus, and then she gives them a copy of his gospel. Often this Christian woman goes to see the people off, on their way to visit their homes across the ocean, and if she finds any who have no Bible, she gives one, and it goes to Europe. So, you see, children, Miss Buhlmaier is a foreign as well as a home missionary.

Courtesy of School Physiology Journal. THE ITALIAN QUARTER.

This is only a part of the work of this busy woman's life. Three times a week Miss Buhlmaier has sewing schools for the children of German parents. One meets on Monday afternoon of each week; another on Thursday, and the third on Saturday morning. The teachers are principally school girls, who can sew, and young ladies who teach these little Germans, first of all, to have clean faces and hands, to treat each other kindly, and to sew. The children are taught the stitches on cunning little quilts for their dollies; then they hem a handkerchief, and after that some piece of clothing. Miss Buhlmaier always leads them in their hymns, which are in German, of course. It is such heartfelt singing, too. How the little voices ring out, "Gott ist die Liebe." Poor little souls, they know so little about our Father's love! Then after the singing there is a prayer, and then a Bible lesson — all in German. The teachers speaking only English, sit quietly by and try to keep order among these many restless little folks. Then the bags in which the scholars keep their work are collected, and the children get ready to go. Usually they march out singing a hymn. Before they begin to march, all rise and stand with clasped hands and tightly shut eyes, saying in concert a sweet little prayer, which in English is, "The Lord bless you and keep you."

Do you wonder the good missionary who speaks such kindly, helpful words to the weary and lonely ones, as they land upon this foreign shore, and who so lovingly teaches the children, is called the "Christ woman?"

Surely she will have our Father's blessing as she works for Him.

The Italians.

THE picture below does not look like your pleasant homes, does it, little folks? And yet everybody seems to be happy and contented.

We have seen a great many Italian women and children when they landed in New York, dressed in all the colors of the rainbow. The women had big packs of clothing on their heads, and little babies tucked under their arms, while the older children were running alongside, tugging at their mother's dresses.

Many of the children who attend the ragged schools in New York City become little missionaries to their parents, and grow up to be good men and women.

Power of a Kind Word.

MANY years ago a poor German immigrant woman sat with her children in the waiting-room of an eastern station. A lady passing to a train, struck by her look of misery, stopped to speak with her. The story was soon told.

Her husband had been buried at sea. She was going to Iowa, and "it was hard to enter a strange world alone with her babies."

The stranger had but one instant. She pressed a little money into the poor creature's hand and said: "Alone! Why, Jesus is with you! He never will leave you alone!"

Ten years afterward the woman said: "That word gave me courage for all my life. When I was a child I knew Christ and loved him. I had forgotten him. That chance word brought me back to him. It kept me strong and happy through all my troubles."